

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

18th Year

NEW YORK 11 JUNE

No. 851

Charles Scribner's

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VOL. XXIX. No. 851
EIGHTEENTH YEAR

The Critic

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
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Published Weekly by The Critic Co. 289 Fourth Ave. New York

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

SATURDAY 11 June 1898

Joseph B. Gilder }
Jeannette L. Gilder } Editors

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Literary and Artistic Paris

M. RENÉ DOUMIC is back from his American tour and hard at work again. He is delighted with all he saw and has a kindly word even for the North Atlantic, which was most propitious to him both going and coming. The perpetual American sunshine—he says the sun shone every day during his stay with you—produced a deep impression on this shivering Parisian, accustomed, in winter, to a chilly atmosphere and a leaden sky. American hospitality, which is generally overdone in the case of a foreign visitor and was doubtless so in this instance, though, of course, M. Doumic makes no such intimation, is placed only second to the sunshine in his list of transatlantic amenities.

Not so pleasing to all American ears will be M. Doumic's statement that not at Boston, "the Athens of America"—he repeated this old saw,—but at New York and Washington he found the most culture. It is evident, though he is too polite to say so openly, that Chicago as an intellectual centre does not stand very high in M. Doumic's opinion. His praise of our universities is unstinted. The noble buildings, the broad campuses,

the tall trees, the student life with its marked independence, and last but not least the professors not all formed in the same State mould as here,—all this and much else like it has left a strong imprint on M. Doumic's mind. But he himself is to give public expression to his views at our University Dinner on May 30, when he is to speak to the toast "The American Universities." You will be glad to learn immediately, however, that M. Doumic does not contemplate perpetrating a book or even a magazine article at our expense, "for," as he well says, "I saw your country only *en parade*, not the real America."

M. Doumic's pleasant words fall on our ears just now with more than ordinary delectableness, for since the outbreak of the war Americans in Paris are apt to hear pretty harsh comments on themselves and their country. Imagine my agreeable surprise, therefore, when, on entering M. Emile Ollivier's drawing-room the other day, he immediately turned to me and exclaimed: "I am with you Americans," and then followed up the remark with a magnificent burst of eloquence in which he gave a vivid picture of Spanish cruelty, since the times of Columbus down to those of Weyler, to its unfortunate subjects across the ocean. The distinguished company present was carried away by the orator, who showed the old fire of Corps Législatif days; and for the moment America had, in the very heart of Paris, a whole roomfull of ardent supporters.

Another Frenchman present on this occasion also had a good word for the United States, but for quite another reason. Baron Imbert de Saint-Amand is pleased with America not simply because his New York publisher has brought out some forty or more of his popular historical works, but he sounds the praises of the Messrs. Scribner for having sent him a very handsome check, "quite unexpectedly and quite unnecessarily," because, I believe, a part of one of these books appeared first in the monthly as a magazine article. We had grown so accustomed here in Paris, especially before the American Copyright League's victory, to hearing tales from French authors' lips of American literary piracy, that a remark like that of M. de Saint-Amand is unction to the soul.

The *Figaro* is perhaps the most exasperating element in this anti-American campaign now raging here, for the very reason that there is an elegance about its thrusts, and we accept its invitations to its Five o'Clocks in spite of ourselves. This season's literary and musical Mondays in the Rue Drouot are as successful as ever. To me not the least interesting feature about them is the wonderful social mixture that is obtained. Thus, the other Monday I noticed there such opposite personalities as the Italian Ambassador and M. de Blowitz, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild and M. Sarcey, the Marquis de Lasteyrie and the two Coquelins, etc. But what would strike the American journalist as strangest of all is the giving of such entertainments in a newspaper office. Imagine, if you can, the literary and artistic Four Hundreds of New York flocking to Park Row of an afternoon for a concert given among the busy editors and printers.

This Spanish-American conflict came as a relief to the *Figaro* and other conservative sheets that had grown weary with their daily attacks on Zola. But they will of course open on him next week when the second trial begins at Versailles, though the plucky novelist is now ostracized for a long time to come, whatever may be the outcome of this lamentable struggle. I was more firmly than ever convinced of this at a recent literary breakfast where were present two members of the Academy and two mem-



THE ZOLA MEDAL

bers in prospect. All four of these gentlemen were intensely bitter in their denunciation of Zola, and one of the Academicians spoke about as follows:—

"I had always voted for Zola, but I went to him when our common friend—was up for election, and I said to him:—'I will give you my support again this time if you wish me to do so, but as you cannot succeed, I think you will agree with me that I should cast my ballot for ———.' Zola consented and then remarked:—'If I were going up the Champs Elysées some fine afternoon when the broad sidewalks are crowded, if a runaway were to occur at that moment, if I were to rush out into the street, stop the horse and save, at the risk of my own, the life of the beautiful young lady in the carriage, I should be the hero of the hour on the boulevards and would pass, *haut la main*, at the next Academic election.' Now, here you find the chief motive for his having taken up the cudgels for Dreyfus."

If one of his faithful standbys at the Palais Mazarin can now speak in this wise, you can easily imagine the disagreeable plight in which Zola finds himself. But this does not prevent him from still presenting a bold front to the enemy. His organ, the liberal *Aurore*, is to publish a long article from his pen on the eve of the new trial, and after his second condemnation, which his friends consider certain, he means to print in the same paper four or five powerful articles reviewing the whole trial and arraignment, as he knows well how to do, the powers that be. In the meanwhile he has sketched out the plan of his next novel, which is to be based on this whole Dreyfus affair and is to be a terrible showing up of modern France, social, political and judicial.

By the way, a bronze copy of the Zola gold medal, which I have already mentioned in your columns, is on exhibition at this year's Salon. It is by Charpentier, probably a relative of Zola's publisher. The likeness of the medallion is excellent, though I must confess that it does not seem to me that Zola's nose ends in such a knob. The motto on the reverse—"the truth is advancing and nothing can stop it"—is as true in this case now as when Zola uttered these words last January. Do what the government may, this Dreyfus affair, like Banquo's ghost, will not down at their bidding.

But the great attraction at this year's Salon, due to its very ugliness, is of course, Rodin's "Balzac." You have heard how the French Society of Men of Letters, who had commissioned the sculptor to model a statue of the author of the "Comédie Humaine," refused to accept the veritable monstrosity which was

offered them, how a lawsuit was threatened by the irate artist, how the Paris Municipal Council hesitated to set up the burlesque in a public square and how finally the matter ended in a so-called admirer of the sculptor buying the rejected plaster which he announces will be put in bronze and placed in his private garden at Neuilly,—as a scarecrow, somebody has irreverently suggested. I have gone round and round the statue several times, viewed it from all points, and I fail to see a redeeming feature in "this ugly snow man," as it has well been called. No wonder two guards are always watching it, for I really believe that otherwise it would come to grief from the hands of some crank in the crowd by which it is always surrounded.

Another scandal which created a week's ripple and then also ended in a calm was the undignified Hugo-Charcot squabble at the Odéon Theatre the other night. It must have made Victor Hugo turn over in his tomb in the Pantheon scarcely a stone's throw away. On the occasion of the celebration of his eightieth birthday, the poet exclaimed: "I shall live in my descendants, my grand-children, Jeanne and Georges." And yet at the first night of one of this grandfather's posthumous plays, Georges insults the husband of Jeanne, calls his step-father, the venerable Lockroy, a *gâteux*, while the husband declares in the public prints that this same Georges never lets an occasion pass to insult also Jeanne. Into this disgraceful scene were dragged all these honorable families, distinguished in letters and science,—the Hugos, the Lockroys, the Charcots, the Daudets and the Ménard-Dorians, so often mentioned by Victor Hugo. All this is more like Balzac than is Rodin's Neuilly scarecrow.

Mention of the Salons suggests the question why Rosa Bonheur could not have been induced to send to the Champ de Mars her spirited "Duel," rather than suffer it to be hidden under a bushel in a picture-dealer's exhibition-room in the Avenue de l'Opéra. But there it is, this big canvas representing two horses in deadly conflict, painted by a woman in her seventy-sixth year, and yet executed with all the old force and delicacy. Perhaps the effort was too much even for this vigorous constitution, for I have heard this moment that Rosa Bonheur is quite ill at her By home, so ill that her doctor has ordered her to take a complete rest and even to avoid prolonged conversation.

Another artist, but of a very different sort in every respect—Sarah Bernhardt,—is again in full activity after the serious surgical operation which she underwent this past winter. And how well she still holds the favor of the fickle Parisian public! At the literary and artistic part of the recent Vasco da Gama celebration, the actress received a perfect ovation in the big amphitheatre of the Sorbonne when she recited some of Sully-Prudhomme's verses. It was done with a captivating artlessness which was the very perfection of art. "We never really admired her before," remarked a cultivated American, "but this time she was irresistible." And when, every Thursday afternoon, in the tiny La Bodinière Theatre, that clever mimic, M. Fernand Depas, appears in an amusing little *Fantaisie-Revue*, "Paris Fuministe," of which the "*clou*" is unquestionably his excellent personation of Bernhardt, the warmest applause crowns his successful effort. Sarah Bernhardt is indeed still the spoil child of Paris theatre-goers.

And yet another able French woman, as far as the poles separated from the two just mentioned, is quite to the fore just now in Paris. I refer to Mme. Michelet, widow of the once famous historian, who is the soul of the movement now on foot to celebrate this summer the centennial of his birth. But Mme. Michelet's most notable contribution to that event will be the volume which she is to bring out in the autumn, to consist of the letters written her by her future husband during their courtship, accompanied by a few of her own letters in reply, and by



M. RODIN'S STATUE OF BALZAC

copious extracts from Michelet's private journal kept at this period. Mme. Michelet would hesitate to give publicity to this book during her lifetime if it were not full of interesting descriptions and philosophical reflections and very free from sentimentality, if Michelet himself had not arranged the whole manuscript for publication and if she did not so ardently wish to crown in this manner the final edition of the historian's works which she has been bringing out during the past few years and which has now reached twoscore volumes.

One of Michelet's distinguished contemporaries, Cuvillier-Fleury, is also to have his journal published. M. Ernest Bertin of the *Journal des Débats*, one of the most eloquent historical lecturers at the Sorbonne, is the literary executor of Cuvillier-Fleury, who, you will remember, was not only an Academician, but was also the preceptor of an Academician, the Duc d'Aumale. This fact gives the chief interest to this journal, which contains many discreet and valuable glimpses of the private life of Louis Philippe, in whose family Cuvillier-Fleury resided for many years. The work will appear in two volumes next winter.

In closing, a word about another dead man-of-letters who, if not French, knew French and France as few foreigners ever did and who was not an infrequent visitor to this city. I refer to Gladstone, the news of whose passing away reaches me as I end this article. An account of his sojourns and relations at this capital would form a most interesting chapter in the history of his life. When he came here it was his habit, even while Prime Minister, to step into the Elysée Palace during a promenade and leave his card on the President. This simple way of paying his respects to the Chief Magistrate always seemed to please the French public. The late Léon Say was a warm friend of Gladstone and once or twice organized a select public dinner in his honor during these Paris visits. On these occasions, Gladstone, when his health was drunk, would often respond in French,

which, if not without a decided English accent and not entirely in accord with the rules laid down by "Noël et Chapsal," was nevertheless a most creditable performance. These various little Gallic leanings, and this week's report in the Paris papers that during delirious moments in his last illness he was heard repeating prayers in French, give a peculiar touch of sympathy to the expression of regard from France for this truly remarkable man.

PARIS, May 1898.

THEODORE STANTON.

Literature

Daudet's Last Book

1. *Soutien de Famille*. Par Alphonse Daudet. New York: Meyer Bros. & Co. 2. *The Head of the Family*. By Alphonse Daudet. Trans. by Levin Carnac. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN HIS last book (1) Daudet sounds again the pessimistic note which first reverberated in "La Petite Paroisse"—the note of warning against the hopeless decadence of the French character as seen in its rising generation, against the unspeakable corruption of its public life. It is difficult to decide to what extent the great novelist's wretched health during the closing years of his life, with its inevitable influence upon the processes of his mind, must be taken into consideration in estimating the importance of this warning, but so far as political decay is concerned, the facts of current history in France certainly bear witness to the truth of his fiction.

In "La Petite Paroisse" Daudet ascribed the decadence of the spirit of young France to the German philosophers, and he again makes that charge in the present book. The translator of the American edition (2), probably a Frenchman himself, has simply garbled this passage, thus wilfully misrepresenting the author and his attitude. We quote it here in full, parallel with the incomplete translation.

DAUDET

"Raymond was nearly eighteen years old now, and entering upon his course of philosophy. Our college philosophers may be known by their pre-occupied air, their dignified carriage, as of guardians of the inner rooms of a great king's palace, proud of bearing embroidered upon the back of their coats the two mystic and symbolic keys wherewith Kant and Schopenhauer unlock to them all the mysteries of life and all the human soul. Don't smile: the importance which we give, since the war of '70, to the study of philosophy, especially of German philosophy, is one of the misfortunes of our country. In our colleges that study now takes the place of the luminous humanities that were for so long the meeting-point and the portal of the higher studies. Already depressed by the duties and rights of his position as head of the family, the responsibilities of which he exaggerated, Raymond was naturally plunged into a slough of despond by this study. The professor was heart-breaking, the doctrine hopeless. After their lessons, the pupils spoke of nothing but suicide and death, the ugliness of life and the nothingness of everything."

THE TRANSLATOR

"Raymond was getting on for eighteen now and was beginning the study of philosophy and to learn how to use those mystic keys with which Kant and Schopenhauer profess to open all the mysteries of life and the human soul. Already almost crushed under the weight of the duties and rights of which he now habitually exaggerated the responsibilities, this new study had the effect of plunging him into still darker depths. The professor under whom he studied was a mere logic-grinder and he seemed to grind out nothing but the logic of despair. When his pupils had left his classes they seemed to speak of nothing among themselves but suicide and death and of the ugliness of existence and the nothingness of everything."

The passage omitted by M. Levin Carnac is of the utmost importance, as it forms a part of the text from which Dau-

det preaches. The complaint may be found at much greater length in "La Petite Paroisse," in the remarkable letters of the young prince who, at eighteen, was corrupt to the core, without illusions or ideals.

A comparison with Zola's "Paris" is unavoidable in the case of this book. Both draw the public men of contemporary France in the darkest colors, both paint a mushroom aristocracy of wealth and official position that is repellent in its corruption, and both agree in the traditional French view of the immorality of French women in the upper walks of life. This unceasing bombardment of mud, flung at each other's mothers, wives, sisters and daughters by the authors of France, is nauseating, and deserves rebuke by the women themselves. Paris may be the modern Babylon, where the Scarlet Woman reigns supreme, but in this regard, at least, Paris is not France.

The Roman Catholic Church is treated by Zola as a dying survival: he has disposed of the three sheet-anchors of Christianity—Faith, Hope and Charity. Daudet recognizes the persistent life of faith, the unreasoning, blind faith that may move mountains, and welcomes it, without much comment, in these pages, as far preferable to the present state of things.

But both see a little rift in the cloud: the aristocracy and the "educated proletariat"—a German expression that must have pleased Daudet—may be beyond redemption; the common people of France are still sound to the core. Zola forecasts a socialistic future, Daudet merely paints what he sees, and surely, his warning loses much of its strength when we reflect that he could find among the humble, in reeking Paris itself, such sound hearts and healthy minds as those of the electrician Antonin Eudeline, the real head and support of the family, and of his sister Dina, who embodies all the admirable commonsense of the *petite bourgeoisie*.

We have already referred to the liberties the translator has taken with the text. The instance quoted is as nothing compared to what follows. Of course, French books are adapted, not translated, for English and American readers: we can stand strong meat, but will not tolerate putridity. Therefore the disgraceful and superfluous episode of Minister Valfon and his step-daughter has been tacitly omitted in the American edition. To Anglo-Saxons the story will be more palatable in its English form; as an indication of the ever advancing inclination of French writers, that form is worthless.

It is needless to compare this book with its many predecessors from the same pen—not only needless, but almost impossible. Daudet has already been judged and ranked with the great writers of France: this book will not add to his brilliant reputation, but it will certainly not affect it materially to its detriment. "Soutien de Famille" was written with an aim—as a warning,—but the intention was better than the execution. Prof. Adolphe Cohn contributes an introductory study of Daudet's life and works.

"The Diplomatic History of America"

Its First Chapter: 1452-1493, 1494. By Henry Harrisse. Dodd, Mead & Co.

MR. HARRISSE is an American scholar, domiciled in Paris, who by his laborious work in the archives has become the recognized authority on early voyages of discovery to America. In this work he discusses the bulls of Alexander VI, which in order to avoid conflicts limited the regions in which Spain and Portugal could exercise the right of discovering new lands and adding them to their dominions. The negotiations leading up to these bulls and the subsequent changes made in their provisions by the treaty of Tordesillas between Spain and Portugal are fully described. By this treaty Spain was free to discover lands three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands, while Portugal was limited to the regions east of this line. Two great difficulties arose from this settlement. In the

first place as the size of the earth was not known at that time, it was impossible to settle upon the exact longitude of the line. Each scientist had a different length for a degree varying considerably, from 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ leagues. Mr. Harrisse discusses in detail the opinions of the geographers of the day on this point, and draws some very valuable conclusions as to where the line of demarcation should fall on a modern globe.

The other difficulty in the settlement was that as the earth is a globe, it was no settlement at all. Every bit of land is both east and west of a given line drawn from pole to pole. It is usual among writers to hold up this division, which was no division, as a sign of the ignorance of the papacy. Mr. Harrisse, however, says (p. 36), and his statement carries weight, that the earth was then admitted at Rome, as well as elsewhere, to be round. He explains the act of Alexander VI by saying that the line must have been drawn on a plane map. This difficulty was finally settled by it being held that the line of demarcation encircled the whole globe. On this phase of the subject Mr. Harrisse promises us another work, the second chapter of the diplomatic history.

In one chapter Mr. Harrisse takes up the question of the validity of such papal grants. He says it is foolish for Englishmen to call them absurd and ridiculous, since for centuries the theoretical title of England to Ireland was such a bull. It cannot be questioned that until the Reformation it was universally recognized that the Pope had sovereignty over undiscovered lands and could grant them away arbitrarily "for the glory of God and the Holy Church." But just as unquestionably was England not in any way bound to recognize a papal grant after Henry VIII's break with Rome. It does not follow that because England had recognized the bull by which an English pope had granted Ireland to Henry II, it must after the erection of the national church recognize the authority of an organization with which it had severed all connection. Mr. Harrisse's argument seems on this point to be weak. England, after it had begun colonizing, recognized only two conditions which gave title to new lands—namely, prior discovery and settlement. Modern history can recognize only one, and that is settlement. Settlement, the introduction of an old civilization into new parts of the world, can alone give an historical and moral title to the land.

The Stevens Facsimiles

Vol. XXV, completing the series. London: B. F. Stevens.

THE conclusion of the work of copying in facsimile the most important documents in European archives relating to American affairs from 1773 to 1783, undertaken by Mr. B. F. Stevens in 1888, places at the disposal of the American student of history material as trustworthy as the original manuscripts, and, of course, in a very much more convenient shape. The late J. A. Froude, himself an imaginative historian, knew well how little history, as ordinarily written by his like, can be trusted. "If you would understand a particular period, study the original authorities . . . Read, if you can find them, the letters and writings of the persons you are concerned with. . . . Take nothing at second hand . . . Printed contemporary documents are precious, but the actual handwriting of remarkable statesmen has an instructiveness of its own. You see the bold strokes and unblotted lines where thought flows free and purpose is fixed, you see in erasures and corrections the hesitation" of the writer. This was Froude's advice to his Oxford audience in 1892. Its value is shown by the condition imposed by Lord Granville when conveying to Mr. Stevens permission to copy documents, and willingly accepted by the latter. Lord Granville intimated that "two most eminent historians," of whom Froude was probably one, had garbled the documents which they had been permitted to transcribe; and he very properly required Mr. Stevens to "take the whole or leave the whole of each indi-

vidual document." Mr. Stevens in his essay in conclusion, now published with the indices to his great work, cites as an example of how seriously the sense of a document may be changed merely by the omission of part of the original and the insertion of a few apparent corrections, a letter from the Comte de Moustier, the first French Ambassador to Great Britain after the Paris Treaty of Peace, to Count de Vergennes, and the portion of the letter quoted by M. George Circourt in his "*Histoire de l'Action Commune de la France et de l'Amérique pour l'Indépendance des Etats-Unis*." The part omitted by the historian relates to the statesman Charles James Fox, and is of considerable interest.

The advantages of the photo-lithographic facsimile process are now thoroughly understood, and are frequently made use of when it is desired to avoid any suspicion of inaccuracy in transcribing important documents. But we do not know of another such important collection of facsimiles as this relating to any branch of modern history. So exact are many of the reproductions when printed on paper like that of the originals, that experts were unable to tell them apart, until Mr. Stevens hit on the expedient of having a special paper made for this work, with his monogram in the water-mark.

The papers that have been photographed are preserved in the English Public Record Office, the Royal Institution, the Tower of London, the Bureau des Affaires Etrangères in Paris, and in several private collections. Among the most important are the hitherto unknown secret correspondence in the first three volumes, the papers concerning the Peace Commission of 1778, the letters of Commissioner Deane, and those of the Tory Chief Justice Smith of New York, the warrants and other papers relating to the imprisonment of Henry Laurens, the correspondence of Lord Viscount Stormont, while British Ambassador in Paris, and the authentic history of the stealing of Lee's despatch-box in Berlin, related by Carlyle in his "*Frederick the Great*." In some cases, as in that of the "*Conciliatory Bills*" drawn up by Lord North, the facsimile method shows what could hardly be made to appear in type from the first hints of this attempt to bring about a peace to the final draft, with all the emendations and suggestions of Under-Secretary Eden, Solicitor-General Wedderburn, and Attorney-General Thurlow. Again, it throws light on such controverted points as that of the supposed treachery of Dr. Edward Bancroft to the American deputies at Paris, to whom he served as secretary.

We have already given an account in *The Critic* of the general appearance of the work, and the method of publication. Each document is marked for reference to the several indices, numerical, chronological, alphabetical, and "*Subject Matter Index*," contained in the final volume, now published. The Subject Index is very full, running to nearly three hundred large folio pages. The facsimiles may therefore be arranged in any order that suits the student, and may be bound in that arrangement, if he does not prefer to keep them loose in the boxes in which they come. They make twenty-five volumes in all. The work is issued to subscribers only, in an edition limited to 200 sets.

The Works of Lord Byron

A New, Revised and Enlarged Edition. Vol. I. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS new edition of Byron promises to be the definitive one. Murray, it will be remembered, was the original publisher of the poet's works; and the text of the present edition is based on that in six volumes issued by Murray in 1831. Successive editions have been collated with the MSS., and errors that have crept into former ones have been corrected to some extent, but not a few have passed undetected. For the present edition a fresh collation of all the MSS. has been made with the utmost care, and all variorum readings have been recorded in footnotes. The punctuation has been thoroughly revised, with a view both to increased accuracy

and a conformity to modern methods. Byron's original notes are given in full, and many of them are printed for the first time. Those of the editor, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, are enclosed in brackets.

The edition will contain at least thirty poems never before published, including fifteen stanzas of the 17th canto of "*Don Juan*," which was left unfinished, and a considerable fragment of Part III of "*The Deformed Transformed*." The arrangement of the poems and plays is to be approximately chronological. "*Childe Harold*" and "*Don Juan*," which were published in parts, will not be divided. Epigrams and *jeux d'esprit* will be put together, but in the order of their composition.

Vol. I contains the "*Hours of Idleness*" and other early poems, with "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*," "*Hints from Horace*," "*The Curse of Minerva*" and "*The Waltz*." Full bibliographical introductions are given to each of these, and the variorum and other notes are copious. The labor expended on these early productions seems out of all proportion to their literary value; but the plan of the edition required that these poems should be dealt with as thoroughly and carefully as the later ones, and the minute information concerning them has at least a certain historical value.

The "*Hours of Idleness*" gave no promise of the poet's future except in the facility of their versification. The majority of them are slight schoolboy amatory verses to Carolines, Marys, Elizas and other damsels addressed by initials as D—, E—, M—, M. S. G., etc. Whether all of these indicate real persons may be doubted, though there can be no question as to the multiplicity of Byron's juvenile amours; but when the footnotes inform us, for instance, that lines addressed to "*Emma*" in one early edition are to "*Maria*" in another, we may be suspicious that the girl is a myth.

The new poems in this volume are neither better nor worse than those before printed. Perhaps the "*Letter to J. T. Becher*" has a certain autobiographical interest as a playful review of the author's early life and principles, or lack thereof. It begins:—

"If Fate should seal my death to-morrow
(Though much I hope she will *postpone* it),
I've held a share of joy and sorrow,
Enough for *Ten*; and *here* I own it.

"I've lived, as many others live,
And yet, I think, with more enjoyment;
For could I through my days again live,
I'd pass them in the *same* employment."

The italics are the youth's own, and he is as much given to them at this time as any school-girl. He goes on to tell of his many "*loves*," concerning which "*Mammas*" pronounce him "*quite a sinner*"; and ends with this appeal to his clerical friend:—

"Say, Becher, I shall be forgiven!
If *you* don't warrant my salvation,
I must resign all *Hopes of Heaven*!
For, *Faith*, I can't withstand Temptation."

The boy was father of the man, we see.

"*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*" shows more promise, but is chiefly interesting as—what Byron himself called it—a "*miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony*." The variorum readings are sometimes improvements, sometimes not. Here and there they have the merit of judicious abridgment, four or five lines being cut down to one. Occasionally a palpable blunder is corrected; as in "*Fresh fish from Hippocrene*," where the first four editions have "*Helicon*"—"a mountain, and not a fish-pond," as Byron says in a footnote.

Lapses in grammar occur in the earlier poems as in the later ones. "*There let him lay*" in the apostrophe to the Ocean in "*Childe Harold*" is familiar; and the same slip occurs at least twice in the present volume: "*Recorded in*

my heart 'twill lay" and "Where now my head must lay"—both in the "Hours of Idleness."

The "Letters of Byron, edited by Mr. R. E. Prothero, are to be included in this new edition, and many of them will appear in print for the first time. The editors will have the coöperation of the Earl of Lovelace, the grandson of the poet, and of others who allow important letters and MSS. in their possession to be used here.

The illustrations will be photogravures of portraits, facsimiles of title-pages, etc. The present volume has for a frontispiece a beautiful reproduction of the miniature of Byron, painted by James Holmes in 1816, and now belonging to the Earl of Lovelace. There is also a portrait of Miss Chaworth from a miniature and four facsimiles of title-pages of early editions of the poems in the book.

The edition is to be completed in twelve volumes.

"Modern France: 1789-1895"

By André Lebon. (*The Story of the Nations Series.*) G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS WORK is distinctly above the average of the series to which it belongs. All writings of the distinguished author, a scholar in politics—not quite so rare a phenomenon in France as in our country—command the attention of the reading public. It is but natural that the author of the best exposition of French public law should in this work devote nearly his entire attention to constitutional questions. This book is a constitutional history of France since 1789. The only criticism that is legitimate is that it is much too short. M. Lebon is an authority in this field, and we should gladly welcome an exhaustive work from his pen on the constitutional history of France. He has sound judgment, and calls attention to many French traits that have proved disastrous under a régime of political liberty. The French love for general principles, for abstract logic, so distinct from the Anglo-Saxon's practical sense in politics, has acted as a great hindrance to the formation of a stable government. M. Lebon points out as noteworthy that the present constitution of France does not embody any general principles. It is the only purely experimental, natural constitution that France has had since 1789. This in itself bodes well for the future. M. Lebon recognizes, probably as well as Mr. Bodley, the defects of the French government, but he is by no means so pessimistic as to the outcome.

We presume that the necessities of the series forced M. Lebon to include the three chapters on art, science, literature, etc. These chapters, occupying about one-third of the pages, are only summaries and of little value. They are incongruous in the midst of a constitutional history, and should have been omitted. At the same time it may be pointed out that the work should have been put into the hands of a more competent translator.

"The Disaster"

By Paul and Victor Margueritte. D. Appleton & Co.

THIS NOVEL in which are traced the fateful fortunes of the Army of the Rhine in the Franco-Prussian war, is not to be compared with "La Débâcle" as a presentment of battle and defeat. In places it seems to have been modelled upon that work, but the authors cannot, any more than others, approach Zola's ability within his own sphere. No one has, like the latter, depicted warfare from the point of view of the common soldier. But the Marguerittes have been themselves officers, the sons of a general, born in Algeria, and brought up to the military profession from their youth. Their father was wounded at Sedan, and died of his wound. They have given a good account of the war as it looked to the staff officer, frequently himself in the dark as to the reasons for the orders which he transcribes or transmits. The opening chapters describe the confusion of the mobilization and of the transportation of the troops to the frontier; then comes

a spirited account of the battle of Forbach, where Bazaine, though within easy supporting distance, allowed his subordinate, General Frossard, to be driven back, this action, together with that of Woerth, opening the passes of the Vosges to the Germans. Then comes the retreat to Metz and the attempted retreat on Verdun, which would have reunited the army; and then Bazaine's negotiations with the Empress and the enemy, and the story of the capitulation.

From the first mention of Bazaine, it is plain that the authors desire to lay to the charge of his self-seeking ambition his failure to force his way through Prince Frederick Charles's army. A few scenes of love and jealousy diversify the story; but the interest is mainly military, and, for that reason, a few sketch maps of the frontier and of the environs of Metz would have been very welcome. The translator, Mr. Frederick Lees, seems to have performed his task with intelligence; but the proof-reader has been remiss in many instances.

"Serbia, the Poor Man's Paradise"

By Herbert Vivian M. A. Longmans, Green & Co.

HERE we have a very rosy account of a country in the Balkan peninsula which has plenty of mountains, rivers and fertile plains, and the comforts of life and even its luxuries in sufficiency. Everything seems lovely, and in the eyes of this author man is not vile, but always interesting. Though politically Serbia is a kingdom, we have here, evidently, a thoroughly democratic state of society. As for religion, everything is after the political churchman's own heart. As the Serbian army is simply the Serbian people under arms, so also the Serbian church is the Serbian people at worship. Our author who, for aught we know, holds and practices the easy virtues of strict conformity, assures us that among the many blessings which Serbia enjoys, and among the very best of them, is that she is not pestered by any "dissenters," for nearly ninety-nine per centum of the whole population and the total number of native-born Serbians are members of the State church. Yet although Serbia and Spain enjoy the delights of nearly absolute conformity, no Holy Inquisition was needed to bring about this astonishing unity in the Balkan kingdom. All creeds are tolerated, and stipends are paid to Lutherans, Jews, Mohammedans and other unorthodox people. We find, however, that the creed is one of national rather than of spiritual pride. It is not very elevating, perhaps, but it exerts a civilizing influence, without any of the terrors of priestcraft. Each parish priest is a pope, and is called so. He marries, lives and works among his parishioners as one of them. Though the Serbian church has produced few great saints or philosophers, it has produced during centuries of oppression whole armies of confessors and martyrs.

Mr. Vivian's volume is interesting because he is in love with his subject. He has certainly given us a hand-book for study, as well as for reading. His introductory matter, containing, with much else of interest, an historical retrospect, is very interesting. Since her emancipation from the Turk, Serbia has grown in wisdom and stature and gone from strength to strength. The chapters on the court and foreign policy show that the Serbians still cherish and are moved by a deep-seated aspiration, which gives them an ideal that, while they are Serbians, they will never cease struggling to attain. This is nothing more than the reconstruction of an empire like that of the old Christian Greeks. Then, hopes the Serbian, the Turk will be a distant exile and but a memory in history, while all the nations between the Adriatic and the Black seas, with many subject and neighbor lands, will be united, with substantially the same aspirations, hopes, literature and religion. The chapters on agriculture and on industry, commerce and communication show a people happy and contented, though the standard of life is a modest one. The author suggests that British capital and energy would be welcomed. Yet in spite of all his argu-

ments we are inclined to think that the Englishman with money to spare will go further afield.

The author has evidently enjoyed travel through a country which Americans might well visit—a land of great natural beauty and undoubted possibilities of wealth. A capital map and index, and a portrait of the young king, add to the value of the work.

"The Imported Bridegroom"

And Other Stories of the New York Ghetto: By Abraham Cahan. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THERE IS, strictly speaking, no Ghetto, or quarter exclusively inhabited by Jews, in New York; but there are parts, widely separate and unlike one another, where Jews predominate. It is in one of these that Mr. Cahan lays the scenes of "The Imported Bridegroom." The title story shows us several phases of Jewish life not only in the region about Mott Street, but in far-off Poland also. Struck with compunction for duties forgotten and with a tardy return of homesickness, the rich man of the quarter visits his native Pravy, becomes involved in a contest of purses with a local plutocrat, and carries off, by force of dollars, as the French say, the latter's prospective son-in-law, a youthful prodigy of Talmudic learning. But his daughter has set her heart on marrying a doctor and living "like a Christian lady" uptown; and her betrothed, anxious to please her, spends his days in studying at the Astor Library instead of in the synagogues; and after having first brought his pious patron to despair by his "Epicurean"—that is, Gentile—leanings, the imported bridegroom, to his bride's distress, joins a company of ragged philosophers and gives to the study of Comte the time which should be devoted to securing a practise and the means to set up a carriage.

Of the other stories "Circumstances" tells a somewhat similar tale of a struggle between intellectuality, love and the need of money. "A Sweat-Shop Romance" and "A Ghetto Wedding" are concerned with the latter two elements only; and "A Providential Match" is all "business" and grim Hebrew humor. The stories are a distinct addition to the growing literature of New York City.

"James Macdonell, Journalist"

By W. Robertson Nicoll. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THIS biography is one that younger brethren of the craft may well read and ponder. Macdonell was an ideal journalist. Born with a decided bent for the profession, but with limited opportunities for education, he was largely self-taught and self-made. His native village was a few miles from Aberdeen, where he began his career as a writer for several local journals, reading meanwhile in general literature and philosophy and studying French and German. Thence he went to Edinburgh and Newcastle, and later to London, where at the age of twenty-three he became connected with *The Daily Telegraph*. He went to Paris as special correspondent of that newspaper, and the chapter on his life for five months there is one of the most interesting in the book. It was in 1871, at the close of the Franco-German war, the fortunes of which he had followed with the closest attention. He was fortunate in making the acquaintance of some of the most eminent Frenchmen of the time—Taine, with whom he became very intimate, Guizot, Thiers, Renan, and others. In 1875, when he was thirty-three, he was introduced by Mr. R. H. Hutton to Mr. Delane of the *Times*, and began to write occasional articles for that journal, of the staff of which he became a regular member before a year had elapsed. It was unusual for so young a man to obtain the position so soon. It gave him a good income, while reducing his labors. He now wrote four or five "leaders" a week, never more, while he had been writing seven for the *Telegraph* and one or two for other papers. No man in the profession had a more brilliant future before him when he was suddenly taken away by death in March, 1879.

He was a ready writer and a firm believer in the press as a power for good or evil. His aim and endeavor were to make it an influence for the highest good. His ideal was lofty, and he worked steadily to attain it. He wrote with equal grace and vigor. He had a natural aptitude for it, but he none the less was a close student of the great masters of style. Landor and De Quincey he particularly admired as two of the most perfect prosewriters of England. To French, with which he was almost

as familiar as if to the manner born, he was no less indebted for his skill and power as a writer. He had also a wide acquaintance with the best poets, Wordsworth being his special favorite, and Lowell among Americans. In private life he was eminently genial; devoted to his family and beloved by a wide circle of friends. Altogether, as we said at the start, the young journalist may well take him as a model.

Mr. Cable in England

"WHATEVER may be the state of the political relations between Great Britain and the United States," said the *London Times* on May 18, "there is fortunately no need to advocate an *entente cordiale* between the men-of-letters of the two countries. English writers have long been able to count upon something more than cordiality when they have visited America, and reciprocal courtesies in this country await any author from the United States whose work is favorably known on this side of the Atlantic. It is not long since Mr. Anthony Hope returned from a tour during which he had given readings from his stories in many cities of the United States, and he was only following in the footsteps of several other English writers of note. Now we are able on our part to extend a welcome to an American novelist, widely known and admired for his clever studies of southern life, who has been persuaded during his visit to London to give a few of those readings from his books that have delighted his own countrymen. Mr. George W. Cable has created many original and amusing characters in his 'Old Creole Days' and other books, and his dramatic talent enables him to bring them before an audience with vivid effect.

"At his first reading, given yesterday at Mr. J. M. Barrie's house in South Kensington, Mr. Cable read from 'Doctor Sevier,' his tale of life in New Orleans about the date of the Civil War; and in the passages of humor and pathos that he chose, he soon won the hearts of his audience. Very skillfully he took the parts of the various figures of the tale—the creole Narcisse, with his childlike chatter and vanity and his intense 'Byronism'; the Irish-American Widow Riley; the matter-of-fact Italian, with his soothing, purring ways, who wins the widow's heart; but even more remarkable was the suggestion of 'atmosphere' which Mr. Cable managed to convey. He seemed to bring into a London drawing-room the languorous, scent-laden air of a southern state, to make his hearers see the brilliant coloring and the rich profusion of a summer in the south, to leave a clear impression in every passage of the scene as well as of the characters who figured in it. Reciting entirely from memory, Mr. Cable was able to get the utmost dramatic value out of his selections, and the power with which he worked up the thrilling story of a night ride through the Confederate army's lines, came as a surprise to those who had looked only for the humorous effects of the earlier pieces.

"A little speech by Mr. Birrell, M. P., introduced the reader to his audience, and the few words of Sir John Leng, M. P., at the close, served to express the pleasure which Mr. Cable had given. The next reading will be at 88 Portland place, on the 26th inst., when Sir Henry Irving will preside."

Carlyle's Letters to His Sister

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In your issue of May 14th, under the above heading, you publish a letter from G. M. Franklin, in which he states that these letters "have apparently been copied by stealth" and these copies are being offered for sale. "The copyist is now en route to the Klondyke." While no name is given, it can refer but to one person, *viz.*, Miss Faith Fenton, and I beg herewith, to forward you an attested copy of the permission which was given that lady, and which was written by Mrs. Franklin, in the presence of, and with the knowledge of, the Very Reverend Mr. Franklin, who has stated in his letter what is not true.

This permission was also obtained from each of the other two heirs to the Hanning estate, and the originals are filed with the Toronto Trusts Company, who are the administrators of the Estate. These three letters give Miss Fenton permission to make extracts of "Carlyle's Letters to his Sister," and the heirs to the Estate well knew that the intention was to embody these extracts in matter for publication; of this there is absolute proof, one of the heirs even sending a photograph to a well-known N. Y. publisher, to illustrate the article which this lady had written.

I presume that since this permission was given, the Reverend Mr. Franklin has discovered that these letters have a marketable

value, and he now endeavors to annul that permission, by vilifying the character of a lady, who would be the last to use the means ascribed to her, and who stands in the highest ranks of Canadian journalists; scarcely an honorable and fair means, and most unmanly.

I trust that you will publish this letter, together with the copy of the permission given by Mrs. Franklin, according it the same prominence that the letter of Mr. Franklin received, and I also shall be glad to give the fullest information to any interested parties.

HUBERT E. JOHNSON, Atty.
123 BEACONSFIELD AVE., TORONTO, CANADA, May 25th, 1898.

TORONTO, Dec. 16th, 1897.

TO MR. LANGMUIR,
Manager Toronto Trust Co.

I wish you to permit Miss Fenton the privilege of reading over the letters of my uncle, Thos. Carlyle, at your office, and making extracts therefrom.

Yours truly,

CATHERINE A. H. FRANKLIN.

COUNTY OF YORK, { I, Herbert Edward Johnson, publisher, of
To wit, { the City of Toronto, of the County of
York, in Province of Ontario, Canada,
make oath and say:

That this is an accurate copy of a letter filed with, and in the possession of the Toronto General Trust Co. of Toronto.

Sworn before me at the City
of Toronto, in the County of
York, this twenty-sixth day of
May, A.D., 1898. } HERBERT EDWARD JOHNSON.

R. L. JOHNSTON,
Commissioner, etc.

The Royal Literary Fund Dinner

THE DUKE of Devonshire presided at the 108th anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in London on May 17. In a speech proposing the toast of the evening, he paid tribute to "that great man—eminent as an author and still more so as a statesman—whose career they all regretted to know was rapidly approaching its end." He said that literary patronage "had unquestionably done good work to an author here and there, but it had never given strength and dignity to a profession," and that "this Society, which had to some extent succeeded to that office, might claim to have perpetuated the advantages and to have avoided the evils of private patronage." With the toast he coupled the name of "the distinguished son of an illustrious father"—the Earl of Crewe.

Lord Crewe, the President of the Fund, made a graceful and humorous speech, and was succeeded by Mr. Justice Madden, who proposed "Literature and his Excellency the United States Ambassador." Mr. Hay was heartily cheered as he rose to respond. He disclaimed the title which had been conferred upon him of a representative of literature, and the connection of his name with the toast reminded him of a story of a four-in-hand club which consisted of two classes—those who could drive four-in-hand and those who would like to do so if they could. He belonged to the latter category. An Egyptian poet of immemorial antiquity had said that to all professions but one there was some objection—that one was the scribe. Certainly the great writers of the world had an immortality which was denied to the greatest monarchs. The literary association was more fascinating than the historical, and a visit to Sicily was more likely to recall a verse of Theocritus than the stirring history of the island, and Cleopatra's place in our memory was due more to Shakespeare than to the actual records of the past. A preacher before Louis XIV in an unlucky moment had said "Brethren, we must all die," and at once corrected himself—"at least, most of us." But there was an immortal element in literature, and the greatest writers had been indifferent to material considerations. Of his own countrymen, Edgar Poe had been content to receive a few dollars for the mystic inspirations which had haunted later generations. Quality was beyond the power of gold, and literature could never perish from the earth, and British literature, like the British Empire, could never be swallowed up in darkness.

The Lounger

AMERICAN art and authorship have received a compliment in the person of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. Every one knows Mr. Smith's beautiful water-colors and black-and-white sketches of Venetian scenery, and everyone who can afford it has a copy of his "Venice of To-Day." There are two editions of this handsome book, one that many can buy, the other that few can afford, as it is in two large folio volumes and sells for five hundred dollars. A few weeks ago Mr. Smith sent a copy of the latter edition to the Queen of Italy, and a few days ago he received a letter of thanks from her and a beautiful photograph of Her Majesty in all the splendor of crown and regal jewels, signed by her royal hand. A curious thing about the signature, by the way, is that it has been dried with sand and not with blotting-paper, and the sand still glistens on the bold letters of the autograph. The portrait is framed in a wide frame made of white parchment and elaborately tooled in gold. The letter is as follows:

ROME, MARCH 24, 1898.

"ESTEEMED SIR:—I had the honor to deliver into the hands of Her Majesty the Queen the book on Venice sent in homage by you, and I am now most happy to forward to you, with this letter, a portrait of our August Sovereign, which Her Majesty has signed with her own hand for you, in order to show you how much she appreciates the splendid work and the very kind thought which prompted its offer. Accept, Sir, the expression of my highest esteem.

"FERDINANDO GUICCIOLI,

"Equerry in waiting to Her Majesty."

Certainly this was a graceful act on the part of Queen Margherita, and Mr. Smith is much more pleased than if she had sent him one of the jewels from her crown.

MR. SMITH, by the way, is making preparations for his annual summer outing. You know he is a great believer in vacations, as they afford him an opportunity for incessant sketching. When in Constantinople, he would pitch his three-legged stool in a dirty, dusty street, and paint from eight in the morning till seven at night. But he doesn't call that work; he calls it play, because he enjoys it so much. This year, he is going—with his family, as usual—to England, where he has not been for nearly five years. His famous white umbrella will be seen along the banks of the Thames, and we all know what the result will be—a portfolio of delightful sketches in water-colors and charcoal, and I hope a book as well. There is no more exquisite scenery of its sort, and a lovely sort it is, than one finds along the Thames from Dachet to Oxford. If Mr. Smith could make us believe that the Bronx is a beautiful river, what will he not do when he has the Thames to describe?

THE FRENCH colony at Constantinople have lately placed a commemorative plate on the house in that town in which André Chénier was born. Near by are the tombs of the maternal grandfather and grandmother of the poet, both of which have splendid Latin inscriptions, in a good state of preservation, and throwing some light on the biography of Chénier's mother.

ITALIAN NEWSPAPERS claim that some papers have been found in a convent in Venice containing notes made by an envoy to the Republic in 1542. There is an account of the Moor of Venice, who was known to the writer, recording the arrival of Othello, his military career, his marriage, his departure for Cyprus, and his end. Shakespeare's hero undergoes a sea change in this account of him, and Desdemona is said to have long outlived him. Another old legend gone!

"THE TRAGEDY OF A NOSE" is the foolish title of a novel by E. Gerard, soon to be published. M. Edmond Roustand wrote



the tragedy of a nose, but he knew better than to give his play such a stupid title: he called it "Cyrano de Bergerac," instead. Had he done as E. Gerard has done, he would have signed its death-warrant on its birthday. This portrait of M. Roustand is from *The Parisian*.

E. B. S. SENDS ME the following verses, freely but neatly rendered from the German:—

Fair Fortune is a fickle miss,
Not long with one her stay;
In haste she gives a smile, a kiss,
Then vanishes away.

Not so Misfortune, constant maid,
Her fancy never flits;
No haste is in her manner staid,
She seats herself and knits.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S "Ambassador," produced at the St. James's by Mr. Alexander, has scored an instant success. It is said to show inexperience in dramatic construction, but the brightness of the dialogue makes up for any technical deficiencies, and the theatre is crowded every night. "The Medicine Man," by Mr. H. D. Traill and Mr. R. S. Hichens, has failed at the Lyceum and been withdrawn, and Sir Henry Irving has fallen back upon his old and popular repertoire. Two dramatizations of "The Three Musketeers" are to be brought out in London, one of them by Mr. Tree, who intends making a great production of his version. In the mean time, American plays and players are holding the boards on the other side of the water, and the theatrical alliance between the two countries is in a most flourishing condition.

WHAT a lottery the stage is! Who would have imagined that an operetta with the book by Messrs. A. W. Pinero and Comyns Carr and the music by Sir Arthur Sullivan could fail to please? And yet that is what has happened in the case of "The Beauty Stone," produced last week at the Savoy Theatre, London.

I AM NOT SURPRISED that right-minded Englishmen were offended that Piper Findlater, who received the Victoria Cross for gallant conduct in playing the Highlanders on to victory at the storming of Dargai Pass, when shot through both legs and obliged to prop himself up against a rock, should be playing his pipes at a concert hall. How a man who had proved himself such a hero could hire himself out as a show, even for one hundred

dollars a night, is hard to understand. The Queen offered him the position of gatekeeper at Balmoral Castle, but he declined it for the music-hall engagement. Foolish piper, does he not know that one is a position for life, and that the other lasts only while it is a novelty?

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY has got himself into hot water by saying that individuals have more liberty in Europe than in the United States.

"Are we not still confusing the liberty of certain non-human boundaries, called states, with the liberties of the human beings in them? Have we religious liberty? By what right does the nation tax us all to support its numerous chaplains, and by what right, except that of brute force, are we practically taxed to support religious sects to the extent of the exemption of their property from taxation? The Sabbath is imposed on all in defiance of religious freedom."

Mr. Conway may not be right in all his deductions, but he has a good deal of truth on his side. I think that we sometimes make the mistake of reading license where liberty is written.

THE RUMORS that Mr. John Morley contemplates entering the Roman Catholic Church are pronounced to be without the slightest foundation. Gossip is also rife as to Mr. Morley's connection with the official biography of Mr. Gladstone, but nothing, so far, has been given out by those who are in a position to speak with authority.

I LEARN from a French journal that the inventive genius of the American has produced an automatic restaurant. The food is all spread on a counter in courses, and the customer is seated on a sort of strap which, worked by steam, moves him along from course to course until at the end of the menu—and the strap—he is deposited, with a bump, on the ground. This rather sudden ending is not approved of by some, but the restaurant keeper assures them that it is done to prevent their getting indigestion. Of course the expense and incompetence of the American "help" are held responsible for this novel device.

AT THE Paris Exposition of 1900, Austria proposes to erect a large hall to be called the "Salle de Marie-Thérèse," and to be a reproduction of the one in the Imperial Palace now in course of construction in Vienna. In this hall there is to be a painting of Maria-Theresa surrounded by the famous men of her time. The picture will be nearly forty feet long, and prizes of 4000, 3000 and 2000 francs have been offered for the best designs.

ANOTHER item of American news from the French: Mr. J. K. Mulkey of California is going to the Pole in a horseless carriage. He is having a locomotive made which will go over the roughest ice, and will be heated by petroleum gas. It will go up steep ascents without trouble; the wheels are furnished with teeth, and the front one has a sort of spur which will pierce any obstacle. If the trial trips between Victoria and Dawson City are successful, Mr. Mulkey will start for the Pole before the end of the year.

THE latest accounts of Munkacsy describe him as being still in the sanatorium where Robert Schumann died. He is quite incurable, calm and satisfied, but dead to all thought of his art. When Madame Munkacsy tries to persuade him that his works are more esteemed than ever, he looks at her with indifference and makes no reply. At times he is quite aware of his condition, is haunted by religious ideas and looks for a miracle to cure him. "It is only from on high," said he one day, "that the remedy can come."

"Northward Over the Great Ice"

Lieut. Peary's Account of his Greenland Explorations

THE TRUE knights-errant of our material age are the men who annually invade the Arctic zone. Their impulse is not commercial advantage but the sentiments of fame, discovery and adventure. Geography has its heroes and martyrs as truly as love, chemistry or patriotism, and when the history of the great white North is written, America will have no cause to regret the work of such men as Kane, De Haven, Hall, Greely and Peary. One thing is certain, and that is, as long as a square mile of the planet remains uncharted, there will be no lack of daring spirits to endure the hardships necessary in learning and revealing its secret. It is to be expected that such expeditions will be denounced by the few as profitless and foolhardy, but the consensus of opinion will still continue to declare them justifiable, and regardless of questions of utility or non-utility, will reward the explorer with the prizes of honor and wealth.

To pass from tropical jungles to Arctic glaciers is a severe test of one's power of living under extreme climatic conditions. Yet this has been the actual experience of Lieut. Peary, who in the interval of two Greenland expeditions was in command of the ship-canal survey of our Government in Nicaragua. Few men have possessed in a more eminent degree the combination of mental and physical qualities indispensable for successful Arctic work. Probably in no other field of human effort are prudence, scientific knowledge and first-rate powers of endurance and leadership so essential.

Planning an Overland Expedition

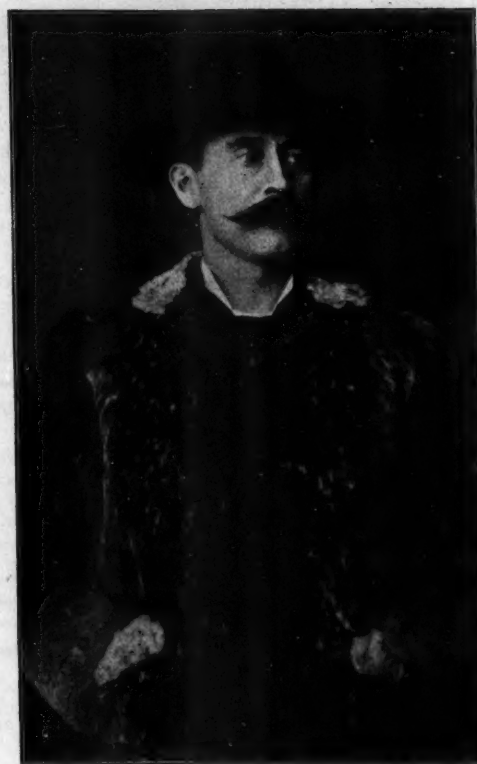
While on duty in Washington in 1885, Lieut. Peary, having gone over the work of Jensen and Nordenskiöld, conceived the plan of seeing for himself the mysterious interior of Greenland. This led to a reconnaissance of the inland ice-sheet in the summer of 1886, which was chiefly valuable in giving him a practical knowledge of the condition of the ice-cap and an opportunity to test a new method of equipping sledges. His experience also enabled him to make some deductions of great future value. One of his proposed routes for the overland exploration of Greenland was actually utilized by Nansen in 1888, and a second was covered by Peary himself in his north Greenland expedition of 1892.

Lieut. Peary felt the forestalling of his work by Nansen as a serious blow, and at once set to work with the energy and persistence so characteristic of the man to fit out a party to determine by an overland trip the northern limit of Greenland. This plan was carried out in 1891-92 and was fruitful in results. It confirmed his opinion that the elevated surface of the great interior sea of ice could be traversed as a direct and imperial highway across the island from Whale Sound to the northern terminus of Greenland or intersection of the cap with the eastern coast. He was also able to determine for the first time the insularity of the country and the extension of the interior ice, as well as to delineate the shores of Inglefield Gulf and Whale and Murchison sounds. Several tracts of land free from ice were discovered to the northward, and the rapid convergence of the coast of Greenland above the seventy-eighth parallel was determined.

A Woman in the Party

Mrs. Peary's presence lent an unusual interest to the personnel of the party. She was possessed of youth, health and intense enthusiasm for the work, and events proved that she could brave the rigors of those high latitudes quite as comfortably as the Danish women who have lived for years in Greenland. On the voyage out, while the Kite was ramming a passage through heavy ice, Lieut. Peary's leg was accidentally broken by being caught between the iron tiller and the wheel-house. To be rendered thus a helpless cripple on the very threshold of his enterprise was a bitter disappointment, and the careful nursing and cheering companionship of Mrs. Peary were invaluable.

The author's account of the experience of the party at Red Cliff House in latitude 77° 40', seven hundred and forty miles from the Pole, is full of interest. The inherent charm of style and buoyancy of spirit give one the impression of nothing more serious than a summer outing. They were near the spot where Kane, Hayes and Buddington spent the long winter night, and not far from Cape Sabine, where most of Gen. Greely's ill-fated party perished. Many of the names given to places in the neighborhood, such as Cape Cleveland, Tracy Glacier and Herbert



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LIEUT. ROBERT C. PEARY

Island are pleasantly reminiscent of contemporary history and the nationality of the explorers.

While the leader's leg was mending, the other members of the party occupied themselves during the long night by hunting bears, harpooning walrus and making boat voyages to the neighboring islands. Meanwhile the ethnologist, Dr. Cook, studied the natives, of whom the Lieutenant took flash-light photographs, showing them both nude and in costume. Just before the sunrise Peary, Cook and Astrup climbed to the ice-cap, two thousand feet above the sea, and built a snow hut for purposes of observation. While there they were surprised by a furious storm but managed to extricate themselves after terrible exposure.

A Brilliant Journey with the Dogs

Lieut. Peary's journey from Whale Sound to Independence Bay with a large team of Eskimo dogs, was one of the most brilliant feats of sledging ever achieved, being especially remarkable for the distance covered without caches. It corroborated his idea that such expeditions should be made by very small parties. Believing that every man beyond the number required for the work he proposed to do would be an element of danger and failure, he called for a volunteer, and selected the young Norwegian Astrup to accompany him. The soundness of Peary's theory has been confirmed by other Arctic travelers. Greely made his great overland trip with only two companions. Schwatka was attended by four white men and an Eskimo, and Nansen's dash for the pole was made with Johansen alone. On the other hand, the awful tragedy of Sir John Franklin's expedition is largely traceable to its size. Peary and Astrup were accompanied for a hundred and thirty miles by Cook and Gibson, who, having acted as a supporting party, turned back. From this point the two men struck out over the vast snow-clad heights, intersected by gigantic crevasses, dependent for a safe return solely upon their own health and resources. On 4 July 1892 they reached Independence Bay on the eastern coast of Greenland. There they found a small herd of musk-oxen feeding in a grassy valley among birds and flowers.

Soon after their return Verhoeff was lost, but through no fault of Peary's. He had started alone on a sledge to the Es-

kimos of Robertson Bay, and the inference is that he became bewildered in the thick weather and fell into one of the innumerable yawning crevasses, an accident such as happens sometimes among the Alpine glaciers. This was the only life lost on any of Peary's explorations. It is an evidence of the care and intelligence with which they were planned.

Beyond the Ice-Cap

From 1893 to 1895 Lieut. Peary was engaged in making unimportant excursions beyond the ice-cap with parties consisting of three or four persons. On 1 April 1895 he undertook his last great sledge journey across Greenland, accompanied by Lee and Henson, the faithful negro body-servant who had been with Peary in Nicaragua. They covered over six hundred miles to the musk-ox region, where life or death depended upon their finding game. Their sufferings from hunger, exhaustion and a killing temperature were almost incredible, and they all reached the coast more dead than alive. Peary felt the effects of this exposure for over two years. This was the most disastrous of all his expeditions on the ice-cap, and is one of the most thrilling stories to be found in the annals of Arctic heroism.

In describing their retreat, Peary says:—"After this the dogs [forty-two in all] gradually went to pieces, sometimes dropping in their tracks during the march, when a short halt would be made to despatch the poor brute and feed him to the others; sometimes struggling into camp to lie down and never to rise again. When their food was gone, we gave them our venison, and so kept them along as best we could, but at last there was no more to give them. Then it was 'dog eat dog,' and, finally,—well, dog meat does not taste badly; in fact it has little or no taste, but it is frightfully tough." The chief cause of the disaster is to be found in the furious storms encountered week after week on a plateau 8000 feet above sea-level in a temperature ranging from -30° to -60°. Peary confesses that previous to this experience he had believed the Eskimo dog of Whale Sound capable of living through the severest stress of weather possible in that latitude.

The Maximum Value of Eskimo Dogs

Lieut. Peary may fairly claim to have originated a new departure in Arctic work. Conway in crossing Spitsbergen adopted the principles outlined by Peary in 1886. His insistent features are: a party of not more than two or three, the inland ice for a road, and Eskimo dogs for traction. The plan utilizes a large proportion of the animals themselves for dog food, thus enabling the original load of provisions to last for a much longer time. Nansen adopted this plan and was able to keep some of his dogs in the field after starting with one month's rations. "The maximum value," says Peary, "of this equation would be, that the two men would subsist during the last four or five days of their return march upon the flesh of their last dog, he previously having eaten all his comrades. This maximum value was nearly reached in my 1895 journey."

Lieut. Peary has also materially modified other features of Arctic travel, such as discarding the sleeping-bag which has always been considered indispensable. He has furthermore established the feasibility of using the odometer, or trailing wheel, for indicating the distance gone over. The data which he has contributed to the study of the ethnology, geology, biology and meteorology (especially the aurora borealis) are of great value.

To many readers the most interesting portion of this book will be that describing the Arctic highlanders around Cape York. This little tribe of 234 individuals lives farther north than any other community of human beings in the world. Mrs. Peary brought one of the girls home with her.

As a culmination of his splendid work in Arctic exploration, Lieut. Peary is about to make an effort to reach the pole itself. The expedition will be conducted on the lines which he has already followed so successfully. "Now that the capabilities of the overland method have been practically exhausted as far as northern Greenland is concerned," he says, "the invaluable experience gained in the past is to be concentrated upon an equally persistent effort, on equally definite and consistent lines, to solve a problem which, unsolved, and to chart a portion of the earth's surface which, uncharted, are a reproach to our civilization and manhood." His plans are so practical that it seems within the bounds of probability that he will succeed.—It is due the Frederick A. Stokes Co. to add that they have made "Northward" a model book, so far as its excellence depended upon their share in the work.

ARMSTRONG WAUCHOPE.

Mr. Howells on Mr. Bellamy

AT A MEETING in honor of the late Mr. Edward Bellamy held by the Social Reform Club on Tuesday evening last, Mr. W. D. Howells, presiding, made the opening address. He reviewed Mr. Bellamy's literary work, and dilated on his character as a man.

"I have always been impressed," he said, "with the great imagination of Bellamy, and had he used his imaginative powers in a different direction from the one he followed, there is no doubt that he would have become one of the greatest writers of fiction the world ever saw. But we know him best as a social agitator, and we do not value him enough as a literary man. Now, 'Looking Backward' in its conception is as strong as anything he ever wrote. I was much amused, however, at the way the book was received. It was at first regarded as a beautiful fancy. But then I do not think fancy is a bad thing."

Speaking of the personal characteristics of Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Howells said:—

"I knew him not only in his books, but also in his life, and it is thus I grew to love him. I remember very well the time he visited me at my home in the country. His face shone with gentleness and manly beauty, and kindness beamed from his lovely eyes. The simple, unaffected way in which he cared for others was truly touching."

Changes in the Boston Book Trade

"Two important events in the book trade this week," says *The Publishers' Weekly* of June 4, "are the absorption by Little, Brown & Co. of the general publishing business of Roberts Bros., and the changes in the firm of Estes & Lauriat. The sale of the business of Roberts Bros., though it may no doubt be news to most of our readers, has been an open secret for some time. The changes in the firm of Estes & Lauriat have already been foreshadowed, and do not essentially affect the administration of the two departments, so far as the heads are concerned. The publishing business of the firm will hereafter be continued under the name of Dana Estes & Co., at 196 Summer Street. The firm is composed of Dana Estes, Frederick Reid Estes, Eugene C. Belcher, and Francis H. Little. The firm has control of all the stock, publishing plant, contracts, and rights of any and all description belonging to the late firm of Estes & Lauriat. The retail book business will be continued at the old stand, 299-301 Washington Street, by a corporation called the Charles E. Lauriat Co., formed under the laws of Massachusetts by Charles E. Lauriat, Isaac R. Webber, Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., Dana Estes, George W. Morse, J. W. F. Parsons, and John C. Lane. Mr. Lane is president, Charles E. Lauriat vice-president and general manager, and Isaac R. Webber assistant general manager."

"On June 1 Little, Brown & Co. took possession of the entire business of Roberts Bros., except of the editions of Balzac and Molière, which, we understand, will continue to be published by Roberts Bros. By this transfer the lists of two of the oldest houses in Boston are combined, because, after Little, Brown & Co., the firm of Roberts Bros. may be called the oldest house among Boston publishers which has continued under the same name from the start. The firm of Roberts Bros. has been in existence for fifty years, having been originally a firm of book-binders, though now for thirty-six years a publishing house. Roberts Bros. from the beginning devoted themselves to high-class literature, and the works of no house have maintained a higher average of literary merit. The career of the house has been remarkable for its originality and excellent discrimination. This will be apparent at once by recalling the names on their list and remembering that in almost every case this house had the courage to introduce them, unknown as they were at the time, to the American public. In the case of some of the foreign authors the reputation gained by their works in this country through the efforts of Roberts Bros. first awakened interest in them at home. Nor were they slow in discovering the worth of American authors, as the names of Louisa M. Alcott, Helen Hunt ('H. H.'), Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Susan Coolidge, Harriet W. Preston, Louise Chandler Moulton, A. Bronson Alcott, W. R. Alger, Charles T. Brooks, Emily Dickinson, and others will testify. While we may regret that this house should have felt it desirable to withdraw from the important position it has so long held in the book trade, it is a satisfaction that their list has become part of that of Little, Brown & Co., which it will round out in many respects."

Gladstoniana

QUEEN VICTORIA has announced her intention of erecting a monument to Mr. Gladstone in Westminster Abbey, in accordance with the wishes expressed in the speech addressed to Her Majesty by the House of Commons.

"Mr. Gladstone's Latin version of 'Rock of Ages,' was written as far back as 1848," says the London *Daily Telegraph*, "and it was included in the 'Translations by Lord Lyttelton and the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone,' published in 1861. By express permission of the Liberal leader it was set to music by Sir Frederick Bridge for the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1885, the festival which likewise saw the production of Gounod's 'Mors et Vita,' Dvorak's 'Spectre's Bride,' Mackenzie's Violin Concerto and Stanford's 'Three Holy Children.' It is of full anthem proportions, with accompaniment for orchestra or organ, and after an instrumental introduction it opens mournfully with a baritone solo and chorus. There is a change to the major and a more hopeful tone at the words analogous in the Latin to 'Not the labors of my hands' and a fugue at 'When I rise to worlds unknown,' the whole ending peacefully with the theme of the 'Rock of Ages.' Mr. Gladstone's hymn translations likewise include one into Italian of Cowper's 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,' published in 'The Nineteenth Century' in 1883; and the Latin 'Scis te lassum? Scis languentem?' adapted from Dr. Neale's 'Art thou weary? Art thou languid?' (itself, it is said, borrowed from the Greek) to the English version of which Sir Arthur Sullivan, among numerous other musicians, has composed a hymn tune, popularly known as 'Rest.' Although his fondness for music was well known Mr. Gladstone was not a very frequent visitor to the opera or the concert-room. He was at Covent Garden about five years ago, and he also, a little later, attended during Señor Lago's season at the Olympia a performance of 'Lohengrin,' with Mme. Albani as Elsa. He then, however, frankly avowed his taste for the older melodic rather than the modern advanced school. Mr. Gladstone, like Mr. Arthur Balfour, was an admirer of Handel, and down to a few years ago he frequently attended the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace, usually sitting in one of the royal boxes at the rear of the amphitheatre."

An Essay by M. Brunetière

WHEN M. Ferdinand Brunetière was about to leave New York, last spring, he accepted an offer from the editors of *The Critic* for the five lectures on Contemporary French Literature given in this city under the auspices of Columbia University, promising to write them out, on his return to Paris, from the very slight notes from which they had been delivered.

We recently asked M. Brunetière to send us some statement which would exonerate us from blame in the sight of our subscribers. In answer to this request came the very courteous letter of explanation, reparation and regret which we printed on May 21, in which the writer offered to prepare an article on any branch of contemporary French literature we should name.

We have written to M. Brunetière that we shall be guided in our choice of a subject for the promised article by the wishes of our readers; and we shall accordingly be glad to hear from them as to the branch or phase of Contemporary French Literature on which they would most enjoy hearing his views. The titles of his five Lenox Lyceum addresses on this general subject were "Poetry," "History," "The Drama," "Criticism" and "The Novel."

On that one of these five subjects on which most of *The Critic's* readers would like to hear the eminent critic speak, we shall ask him to send an essay. The polls will remain open until June 30.

"The New World"

IN *The New World* for June, P. C. Mozoomdar, author of "The Oriental Christ," utters his faith that Christianity is the future religion of India. He believes that the abstract wisdom of India and the brooding mystical insight of Asia will be fertilized into that practical knowledge of the laws of nature and of the affairs of war which has made Christendom the ruler of nations. It is a lofty and eloquent plea for the quick fusion of Hinduism and the religion of Jesus. Solomon in tradition and Solomon in fact are shown, by Prof. B. W. Bacon, to be two quite distinct personages, the mason's trowel being a poor substitute in song and story for sword and harp. The Rev. John W. Chadwick transfigures the late Joseph Henry Allen. There is a good paper on "Aspects of Personality" and another on "A New Form of Theism."

"The Genesis of the Occidental Nature Sense" is finely traced by Prof. Henry S. Nash. In view of the great popular interest awakened by "Quo Vadis," the discriminating and illuminating paper by C. P. Parker on "The True History of the Reign of Nero" is as timely as it is readable. The true perspective of the age is set with the power of an artist as well as with firm touch and fine coloring. The true history of Nero's reign connects itself rather with the names of Seneca, Vespasian, Musonius Rufus and the Apostle Paul. Arthur Fairbanks treats ably of the significance of sacrifice in the Homeric poems. C. E. St. John sees no substantial difference between revelation and discovery. In the fifty pages of reviews by specialists in Europe and America of the theological literature of the world, the whole field is swept. Nine pages are given to Prof. A. V. G. Allen's "Christian Institutions" by Jean Reville of Paris. Altogether this review would seem to be indispensable to the religious thinker and teacher.

Notes

THE "History of the United States Navy," which Mr. Edgar S. Maclay has been revising of late for Messrs. Appleton, comes down to and includes Dewey's victory at Manila.

The Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke would seem to have a "corner" in baccalaureate sermons. He preached one at Columbia on Sunday last; on the twelfth he will preach at Princeton, on the nineteenth at Harvard, and on the twenty-second he will preach the Chancellor's sermon at Union University.

The new buildings of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, recently completed, will be inaugurated with proper ceremonies on the 14th inst.

"Persephone, and Other Poems" is the title of a volume by Charles Camp Tarelli, which The Macmillan Co. will publish this month, simultaneously in England and America.

An enlarged edition of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Life of Gladstone" will be published immediately by The Macmillan Co. The revision has been very complete, and important chapters have been added. The biography will present Mr. Gladstone's career to the day of his death, and contain an account of his funeral in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's bilingual edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is published this week. It was announced for earlier publication, but unforeseen circumstances delayed its appearance until Thursday last. It gives FitzGerald's version and a Latin translation thereof.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has received the degree of D. C. L. from Trinity University, Toronto. He has also been made an honorary member of the Royal Society of Canada.

A party of scientists, led by President Jordan of Stamford University, has started on an expedition to explore the Great Cañon of the Colorado and the "Enchanted Mesa," which latter was elaborately described in the *May Century*.

The Arkell and Judge companies have gone into voluntary liquidation. The liabilities of the latter concern, of which Mr. J. Warren Green has been appointed receiver, are \$425,000; the liabilities of the former (Mr. Bartlett Arkell, receiver) are said to be over \$600,000. It is hoped to continue the various publications of the Arkell Co.—at an expense of about \$3000 a week. Business conditions following the outbreak of the war are said to be the cause of the trouble in these two concerns, yet we hear that other weeklies have jumped into fortune on account of the opportunities afforded by the war.

The Glee Club of Radcliffe College gave three performances of an original operetta, "The Orientals," on the 26th, 27th and 29th of May at Fay House, Cambridge. The libretto was by Miss Katharine C. Berry ('98) and the music and lyrics by Miss Josephine Sherwood ('99), who also took the leading female part in the piece. It was in all respects a success. The unanimous verdict of the best critics in the audience—people familiar with the plays of the Hasty Pudding, Pi Eta, "Dicky," and other Harvard clubs—was that the girls outdid the boys, both as dramatic writers and actors. No amateur performance of the kind in

Cambridge has ever been received with more enthusiastic applause. Beside the sixteen regular actors, about forty of the girls appeared in the choruses, dances and orchestral parts.

The Shakespeare Society of Wellesley College, which always brings out a play of Shakespeare at this time of year, is to give "A Midsummer Night's Dream" this evening, or on Monday, if the weather be unfavorable to-day.

Elmwood is saved, and the home of James Russell Lowell will be turned into a memorial park. The enthusiastic men and women who had the matter in hand had to raise a good many thousand dollars within a given time, and the money came in so slowly that they were in despair; but now they have the full amount and a little over.

Eric Mackay, the poet, died in London on the first of this month in the forty-seventh year of his age. He was the son of Charles Mackay, also a poet, and Miss Marie Corelli was his adopted sister. Mr. Mackay will be best remembered as the author of "The Love Letters of a Violinist," though he wrote a number of other books, most of them filled with poems dedicated to love.

Miss Blanche Sully, who died in Philadelphia recently at the age of eighty-four, was the daughter of the portrait-painter, Thomas Sully. When she was a young girl, Miss Sully posed in the robes of Queen Victoria for a portrait made by her father for the St. George's Society of Philadelphia. The Queen sat for the face, but to sit for the costume was tiresome and unnecessary.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce that as Mr. Richard Mansfield has received numerous inquiries for his poem on the war, "The Eagle's Song," they will supply copies in pamphlet form, including also his poem on "The Charge of Dargai Gap."

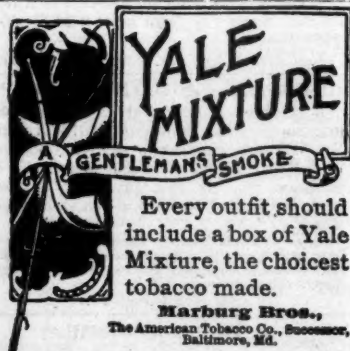
At the continuation of the sale of the Ashburnham Library in London, high prices again prevailed. Among the highest were:—"Plinius Secundus," "Historia Naturalis, lib. xxxvii.," printed upon vellum by Jenson at Venice in 1472, illuminated in the highest style of the Renaissance period—190/; a copy of the first Common Prayer of Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1559—240/; a copy of a later issue of the same date, with the monogram of John Evelyn on back and sides, and his arms in centres—148/; a copy of the first edition of John Knox's Liturgy, 1565—150/; "A Goodly Prymer in English," printed in Fleet street by John Byddell for Wylliam Marshall, June 16, 1535, on vellum—225/; "Roman de la Rose," with all the woodcuts finely painted like miniatures but with the title and the leaf in facsimile—355/. The

first edition of "Waverley" was sold for \$390. It was uncut and bound in half-calf. "One almost shudders to think," says *The Athenaeum*, "of what a similar copy in the original boards would fetch." A large portion of the MS. of "Waverley" was sold in 1831 for \$90.

The latest statement concerning the manuscripts in the Ashburnham library implies that Mr. H. Yates Thompson bought them, and that the amount which he paid "was over 30,000/." "It seems to have been quite forgotten," says *The Athenaeum*, "that in 1883 our Government purchased the Stowe MSS. of the Earl of Ashburnham for 45,000/ (the collection cost the late Earl 8000/ in 1849); that in 1887 M. Karl Trübner, of Strasbourg, acting as the agent for the Grand Duke of Baden, purchased 166 MSS. for 24,000/; that the Italian Government bought all the remaining Libri MSS. which were not included in the Trübner purchase. Mr. Yates Thompson is understood to have purchased an important selection of the remaining MSS.; but the collection is by no means entirely scattered. In 1883 the Earl asked 160,000/ for the entire collection of books and MSS. So far the various sales of the MSS. must have realized considerably upwards of 100,000/., whilst the three portions of the printed books brought nearly 63,000/."

Publications Received

- Alden, Mrs. G. R. As in a Mirror. Lothrop Pub. Co.
 Bevier, J. Nutrition Investigations in Pittsburg. Government Printing Office.
 Bryce, J. William Ewart Gladstone. \$1.00. The Century Co.
 Burchell, S. H. In the Days of King James. London: Gay & Bird.
 Cambridge, A. Materfamilias. \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co.
 Cust, R. W. Linguistic and Oriental Essays. Fifth series. 2 vols. London: Luzac & Co.
 Day, T. F. Songs of Sea and Sail. Ruddar Pub. Co.
 Dodge, C. C., and H. A. Tuttle. Latin Prose Composition. 75c. American Book Co.
 Ebers, G. Arachne. Tr. by M. J. Safford. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co.
 Ferree, B. Institute Organization. The Popular Lecture as an Educator. 112 Wall St.
 Fortieth Annual Report of the Brooklyn Library 1898.
 Haufman, E., and A. O'Hagan. Cuba at a Glance. R. H. Russell.
 Hubbard, E. John Quincy Adams. 10c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Leiser, J. Before the Dawn. Peter Paul Book Co.
 MacEwan, E. J. The Essentials of Argumentation. D. C. Heath & Co.
 Mansfield, R. The Charge of Dargai Gap and The Eagle's Song. Appleton Press.
 Murray, D. A. Integral Calculus. \$2.00. American Book Co.
 Parkman, F. A Half Century of Conflict. 2 vols. Count Frontenac and New Little, Brown & Co.
 France Under Louis XIV. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co.
 Pemberton, M. Kronstadt. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.
 Proal, L. Political Crime. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.
 Rosher, C. Poems. London: Haas & Co.
 Ross, C. Bobbie McDuff. \$1.00. L. C. Page & Co.
 Royal Academy Pictures 1898. In five parts. Parts 1, 2 and 3. Cassell & Co.
 Semi-Centennial of Girard College. 1848-1898. Phila.: Girard College.
 Sorel, A. The Eastern Question in the Eighteenth Century. Methuen & Co.
 Stetson, C. P. In This, Our World. \$1.25. Small, Maynard & Co.
 Tales of War from McClure's. 25c. Doubleday & McClure Co.
 Triggs, O. L. Selections from Walt Whitman. \$1.25. Small, Maynard & Co.
 Trumbull, A. E. A Cape Cod Week. Rod's Salvation. \$1.00 each. A. S. Barnes & Co.
 Zurcher, G. Monks and their Decline. 25c. Buffalo, N. Y.



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